Detention

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Detention

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is in trouble and has to earn his grade from Professor Lecter.

“You wanted to see me, professor?” Will Graham asked politely.

Hannibal stood looking out of the office window over the darkening campus beyond, his back to the door. It was late and the few remaining cars in the lot were likely those of staff working late and a few students still in the library.

His schedule was full and so the students understood that meetings that could not be scheduled during his office hours would have to wait until the end of the day. As was the case now.

“Yes, Mr Graham. Take a seat.”

He heard the shuffle of the chair, the creak of the leather as Will sat as instructed.

Will was more than the most promising student Hannibal had ever taught. Much more. He was, without a doubt, the most intelligent person in any room, and his deductive reasoning was beyond compare. He made intuitive leaps that always bore out, much to the chagrin of the rest of the criminal psychology class that Lecter taught. And all his other criminal sciences classes from what the rest of the teaching staff had to say.

So it was a mystery to him that Will had so utterly failed his mock paper. If it had been his real paper for this term then it would have been a horrendous blow. But at least just being the mock gave them a chance to correct and perfect. Though in the case of this paper it needed to be set fire and started over.

In fact, it was so utterly terrible, that Will would have had to try hard to make it so. It was almost entirely one-hundred and eighty degrees from perfection, which showed that Will had to have known the correct responses in order to get them so perfectly wrong.

“Care to explain this?” Hannibal asked as he set the paper on the desk in front of Will.

“The mocks don’t count for anything,” Will replied simply. There was no belligerence in his tone, no dismissiveness, just matter of fact.

Hannibal held his gaze for a moment, trying to decipher what he was missing, what was going on here. And what sort of criminal psychologist would he be if he couldn’t?

When Will’s mouth tweaked a little at the corner, Hannibal understood completely.

He hadn’t missed the way the young man looked at him in class. And it had been difficult to dismiss the comments that bordered on suggestive when they had conversed at the staff and student departmental mixer.

“Such manners! If this were school I would be giving you detention. But then perhaps that’s what you want? To spend time writing lines or being caned?” Hannibal’s words were cool, but he didn’t miss the flush on Will’s cheeks.

Apparently Hannibal’s assessment was correct.

“Tell me Will, did you fail this paper purposely? So that we might have this private discussion? If you wished to speak with me privately you could have booked a slot during my office hours.”

Will raised a brow and seemed to melt back into the chair as he gazed up at Hannibal. He carried himself with such certainty. Hannibal had to admit to finding it quite affecting.

Hannibal had had his fair share of dalliances with staff, and even the one mentee, but he would rarely consider an undergraduate student such as the one before him.

Only, Will Graham wasn’t like any of the other undergrads he’d ever taught. He was near genius level in intelligence, and whilst he was something of a loner he was also involved in issues on campus that he had a passion for. Yes, Hannibal would admit to having been

intrigued enough by the boy to discover his other interests. Primarily fundraising for the local dog shelter, and being an outspoken member of the LGBTQ Campus Alliance.

When Will didn't respond, Hannibal moved around to perch on the desk immediately in front of Will's chair.

"Shall I take it that you purposely wanted to see me at the end of the day? Dare I ask why?"

Will all but rolled his eyes and then shifted in his chair.

For a moment, Hannibal thought the boy was going to lean forward, putting his face at a height with Hannibal's crotch.

Instead, he looked up at Hannibal with his wide, blue eyes, looking much like one of his beloved rescue dogs, and then fluttered his lashes.

"Did I disappoint you, professor?" Will asked quietly.

Hannibal immediately began to harden.

He had not expected this. Not seduction by this sort of game playing. Though he found he wasn't at all put off by it.

"You did," Hannibal agreed, his pulse beginning to pick up slightly as Will moved to the edge of his seat and placed his hands cautiously on Hannibal's thighs.

"Please don't tell my parents. Could you just change my grade? I'd do anything, sir. Anything."

Will pleaded, his eyes almost as round as saucers.

Hannibal liked to think himself a stoic man. He was a man of deep feeling but he wore none of them on his sleeve. To be so unequivocally undone by a twenty year old was not something he had ever anticipated.

"Anything?" Hannibal asked, his voice breaking slightly.

When Will nodded eagerly, Hannibal broke. He grabbed Will by the shoulders and hauled him out of the chair, turning them both until Will was pressed face down against the table with himself behind the boy.

"Is this what you wanted, young man?" Hannibal asked roughly as he pressed his now hard cock against the cleft of Will's ass.

"Yes, sir," came the breathless reply that sent a shiver all over Hannibal's body.

With a grunt he pulled himself away and stalked towards the door.

Was he really going to do this? He looked back over his shoulder at the prone boy panting on his desk. Yes, yes he was. He couldn't think of anything more he wanted in that moment than

to possess this young, enigmatic genius.

“Drop your trousers,” Hannibal commanded as he turned the lock and ensured his blinds were completely shuttered.

By the time he started back, Will had done as instructed. Both his pants and underpants, including a packer nestled neatly within, were pooled at his feet, his bare ass and wet hole waiting.

“Mmm,” Hannibal hummed as he drew closer. He placed both hands on Will’s buttocks before trailing one down to slide between Will’s wet folds. He moved his fingers slowly, grazing over his entrance and rubbing up against his t-cock. “So wet for me,” Hannibal purred.

“Yes, professor,” Will replied, his words a little shaky now that Hannibal was fingering him.

“How long have you been planning this?” Hannibal growled the question as he pushed two fingers inside Will.

Will’s breath hitched and he rose onto his toes as he leaned further into the desk.

“S-since the first semester, sir. Hearing your lectures just makes me wet.”

“Filthy little thing,” Hannibal chuckled as he slowly fucked his fingers in and out.

“Yes, sir. So filthy for you…” Will’s words were more composed than they had any right to be, and the slightest tweak of his lips that Hannibal could see made it clear that Will was very much in charge of this situation. He was playing directly into the boy’s hands and had never before been so delighted to be manipulated.

If anything, it went to confirm something Hannibal had already begun to suspect. That Will Graham’s skills in criminal science, in part came from an ability to think as a criminal, as a murderer, might think. Perhaps in another life Will Graham might have been a serial killer himself.

The thought was as arousing as it was amusing given Hannibal’s own extra curricular activities.

“Sir?” Will urged as he reached a hand behind him to tug at Hannibal’s dress pants.

“Eager are we?” Hannibal chuckled, delightfully amused now by this game. One that he was fast learning the rules to.

Or at least he had considered so, until Will looked over his shoulder, his eyes blown and as dark as that blue could possibly get. The expression on the boy’s face said very clearly that Hannibal would do exactly as Will wanted.

And Will was correct.

Without removing his fingers, Hannibal used his free hand to yank open his belt and pull open his button fly. He continued to fuck his fingers into Will as he pushed his pants and underwear down to the top of his thighs and pulled out his thick, hard cock.

Will chuckled as he felt it against his thigh, a dribble of precome catching in the boy's thigh hair.

"Here," Will reached into his shirt pocket and handed Hannibal the condom packet he had pulled out.

Hannibal's jaw clenched at how premeditated this was. It was both irksome and arousing, enough that his cock flexed.

Will let out a grunt as Hannibal pulled his fingers free, and fumbled for a moment with his sticky wet hand to open the wrapper and sheath himself. But once done, he didn't hesitate.

Will cried out and clawed at the desk as Hannibal slammed into him.

He was immediately balls deep inside the wet, tight heat of Will's body, and began thrusting rigorously from there.

"Prefer this to detention?" Hannibal growled in Will's ear.

The words only pulled a chuckle from the boy who otherwise went fairly lax, clearly enjoying being used as Hannibal continued to pound into him.

Movement came shortly after when Will repositioned slightly and Hannibal realised it was so that he could reach a hand under him. First he felt back and caressed the base of Hannibal's cock, where they were joined. And then, from the way he clenched and pulsed, Will had clearly began to pleasure himself with fingers on his t-cock.

"Fuck me," Will panted, his pleasure apparent.

And Hannibal had no wish to deny him. If anything he was in a near frenzy, at the command of this young man who he was beginning to consider more than his match. And what a turn on that was.

His cock throbbed as Will became wetter and tighter, he wasn't sure how much longer he would last as he resisted the urge to sink his teeth into the nape of the boy's neck and taste him.

"Please, sir. Come inside me, I said I'd do anything for a good grade," the way Will said these words in a near innocent tone was very purposeful, and Hannibal found himself almost coming at the request.

He might have staved off and lasted a little longer, but then Will came. He grunted and shook and then began to constrict around Hannibal, milking his cock until it was impossible for Hannibal not to come.

He let out a grunt of his own as he spilled, his balls aching with how sudden and deep his climax had been.

Hannibal thrust lazily through the orgasm until neither of them were throbbing any more.

He should have pulled out and cleaned up, that would be the sensible thing to do. If there was anything sensible in all of this. But instead he collapsed over Will's back, softening inside him as he nuzzled at Will's ear.

"I think you've gotten yourself out of detention this time, Mr Graham," Hannibal rumbled the words and enjoyed the vibration against his chest of Will chuckling.

"Thank you, sir," Will replied, and Hannibal wasn't sure if he was actually being thanked for the sexual intercourse.

Even so, Hannibal would have been content to lie there a while longer. In fact, he would have been very content to take Will home with him and continue this there. Fuck the boy senseless and hold him in his arms. Cook him a meal…

But Will had other plans, he pushed up and jostled his shoulders until Hannibal had no choice but to stand and pull himself out of Will. Whilst Will pulled up his discarded clothes and refastened them, Hannibal took a tissue from the dispenser on his desk and used it to dispose of the condom.

At a loss for anything else to say, Hannibal asked "I trust that your term paper will be of the standard I've come to expect from you."

Will let out a low chuckle and looked at Hannibal so fondly that he wasn't sure what to make of it.

"Of course, sir. Though given the errors on my mock paper I could use some extra tutoring. If you know anyone who might be interested?"

There was a glint there that Hannibal didn't want to read too much into. Sexual, yes or course, but something more. Something knowing and wanting. Something that made Hannibal wonder whether the tutoring might also include how to correctly dismember a human body.

With a raised brow and a hum, Hannibal reached over to his desk and plucked a business card from the holder. He passed it to Will between two fingers, stroking his thumb over the back of Will's hand as he took it.

They paused like that for a moment, gazing at each other and sharing something in that look.

"I can arrange something. Perhaps we can study over dinner. Though, before we begin, you must be warned. Nothing I cook is vegetarian."

Will's smirk was enough to confirm everything that Hannibal suspected. Though he had no chance to say more as the young man unlocked the office door and let himself out without a backwards glance.

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